THRENODIA
IN OBITVM D.
EDOVARDI LEWKENOR
Equitis, & D. SVSANNAE
Coniugis charissima.

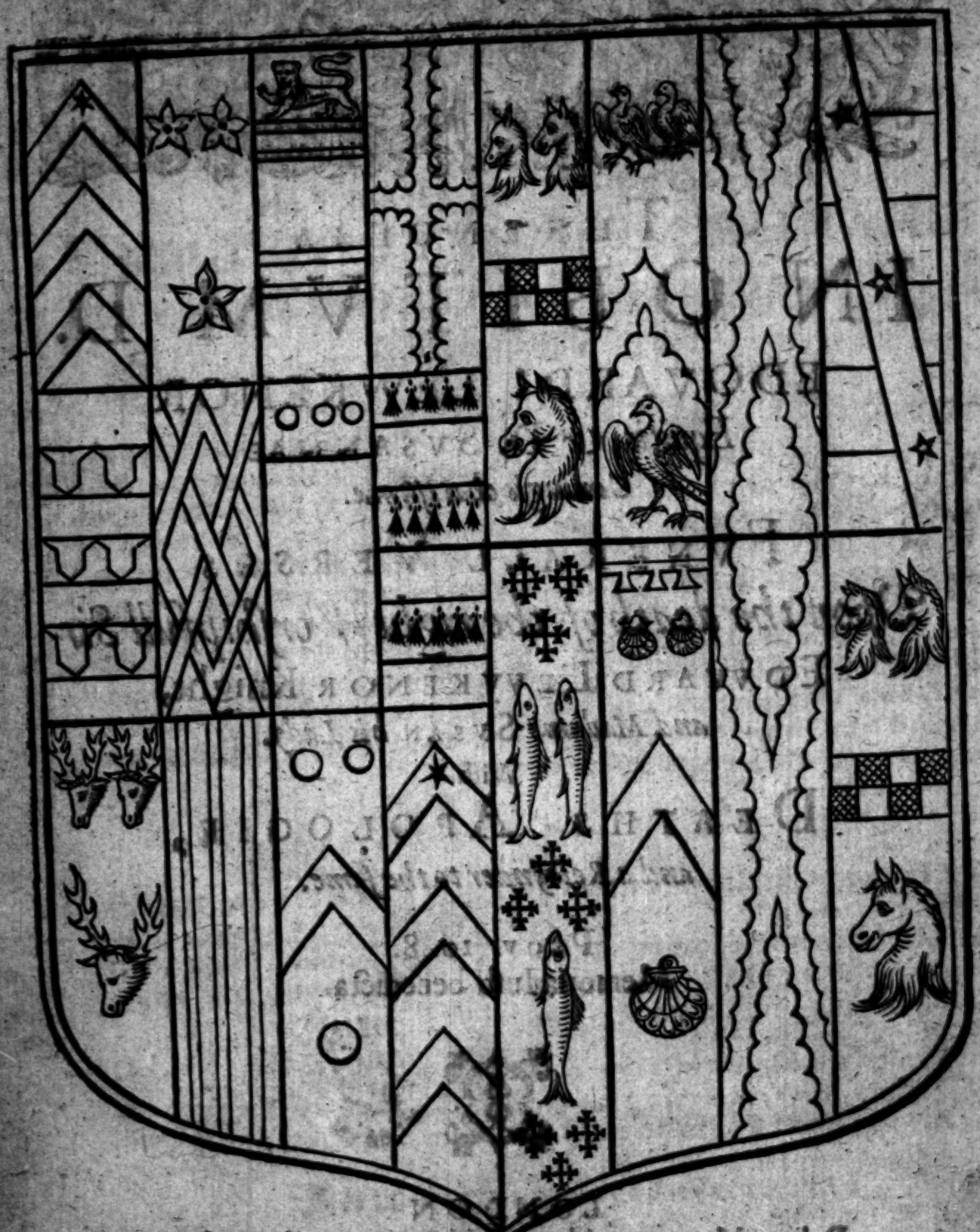
FVNERALL VERSES
Upon the death of the right Worshipfull Sir
EDVVARD LEVVKENOR Knight,
and Madame SVSAN *his Lady.*

With

DEATHS APOLOGIE,
and a Reioynder to the same.

PROV. 10. 8.
Memoria Iusti benedicta.

LONDON
Printed by *Arnold Hatfield* for *Samuel Macham*
and *Matthew Cooke*, and are to be solde
in *Pauls* Church-yard at the signe
of the Tigers head.
1606



HONORI AC MEMORIAE CHARISSIMORVM CONIVGVM EDOVARDI ET SVSANNAE LEVVKENORVM.

QVORVM ILLE NOBILI FAMILIA IN AGRO HARTFORDIENSI NATVS, A PVERITIA OPTIMIS DISCIPLINIS INNVTRITVS, ADOLESCENS SOCIVS COLLEGII D. IOHANNIS IN ACADEMIA CANTABRIGIENSI, POSTQVAM EVASIT IN VIRVM S. PRINCIPIS ELIZABETHAE DOMESTICVS PRIMVM, EXINDE IN AGRO SVFFOLCIENSI EIRENARCHA, POST IN AMPLISSIMVM ORDINEM SVPREMAE CVRIAE PARLIAMENTI NOVIES CONSCRIPTVS, POSTREMVM A IACOBO MAGNO FOELICE BRITANNIARVM MONARCHA EQVESTRI DIGNITATE ORNATVS, CVI VNO ORE OMNES CONSENTIVNT, CIVEM FVISSE BONVM, MELIOREM MAGISTRATVM, VIRVM OPTIMVM; CLIMACTERICO SVO AD SVPEROS CONCESSIT.

IIII. NONAS OCTOBREIS.

HAEC ILLVSTRIS HEIGHAMORVM FAMILIA CVM SORORE COHAERES, FOEMINA RARI EXEMPLI, PIETATE AC MODESTIA SINGVLARI, ANNO AETATIS SVAE LVI, VIRVM CVI SE NVNQVAM IN VIVIS ANTEFERRE SVSTINVIT, MORIENS VNO DIE PRAECESSIT.

VIXERE CONIVGES SINE QVERELA, AN. XXXVI.
VNIS EXEQVIIS SVNT ELATI, AN. cIↃ. IↃC. V. V. ID. IAN.
FILIOS SVPERSTITES RELIQVERVNT II, FILIAS VI.

PARENTIBVS OPTIMIS AC DVLCISSIMIS
B. M. P.
E. LEWKENOR F.

HONORI AC MEMORIAE
CHARISSIMORUM CONIUGUM
EDUARDI ET SUSANNAE
LEWKENORUM.

QUORUM ILLE NOBILI FAMILIA IN AGRO BARBORIENSI
NATUS, A PUERITIA OPTIMIS DISCIPLINIS INSTITUTUS,
ADOLESCENS SOCIUS COLLEGII D. IOHANNIS IN ACADEMIA
CANTABRIGIENSI, POSTQUAM ELABSUS IN VIRUM S. PRINCIPIS ELIZABETHAE DOMESTICUS PRIMUM, DEINDE IN AGRO
SUFFOLCIENSI HEREDITATEM, POST IN AMPLISSIMUM ORDINEM SUPREMAE CURIAE PARLIAMENTI NOVIES CONSCRIPTUS,
POSTREMUM A IACOBO MAGNO POLITICE BRITANNIARUM MONARCHA EQUESTRI DIGNITATE ORNATUS,
CUI UNO ORE OMNES CONSENTIUNT, CIVEM EXIMIUM BONUM,
MELIOREM MAGISTRATUM, VIRUM OPTIMUM; CLIMACTERICO SUO AD SUPEROS CONCESSIT.

IIII. Nonas Octobris.

HANC ILLUSTRIS NEIGHAMORUM FAMILIA CUM SOROLE CONARIS, FOEMINA RARI EXEMPLI, PIETATE AC MODESTIA SINGULARI, ANNO AETATIS SUAE LVI, VIRUM CUI SE NUNQUAM IN VITA ANTEFERRE ERUBUIT, MORIENS UNO DIE RELIQUIT.

VIXERA CONIUGES SINE QUERELA, ANN. XXXVI.
UNIS EXEQUIIS SUNT ELATI, ANN. CHR. hic v. VI. Id. Iun.
FILIOS SUPERSTITES RELIQUERUNT II, FILIAS VI.

PARENTIBUS OPTIMIS AC DULCISSIMIS
F. M. P.
F. LEWKENOR F.

YE learned *Sisters*, which mount *Helicon*
And high *Parnassus* cragges vneth to scale,
Your best beloued seats in times begone
Haue enterchanged, for that lowly dale
Amid'st the which sweet CAME doth softly slide;
Willing may seeme longer with you to bide;
And with his BRIDGE doth couple what his streames diuide:

So may you neuer of your change repent,
Or thinke to change againe for other place:
So may the rigor of the Heauens relent,
Which on your mansions faire with frowning face
Hath look't too long, and this contagious ill
Be soone remoou'd, and farre kept from them still;
So may your numbrous nurselings all your houses fill:

So lastly may our PHOEBVS deigne to see
And with his gracious sight those *Temples* blesse,
And consecrate them with his *Maiestie*;
The highest pitch of all their happinesse:
No lesse than those your other deare delight
Which by the FOORD of OVSE are stately pight,
And since that day do rise and threaten heauens height:

As ye vouchsafe to lend your willing eare
And condescend to Sheepheard swaines request:
If yet the same but equall shall appeare,
And to your selues may worke no great vnrest:
Scarse may though needs it must his suite be tolde,
O griefe who seeks the cause of griefe t'vnfolde!
And double griefe which doth from remedy withholde!

Lewknor alas is dead, that worthy *Knight*:
And follow'd his good *Lady* dead before:
And both within a day. Helpe vs to dight
Their herſes with your plaints, and if no more
Helpe with your teares our common loſſe bewaile.
Your teares are left if other power do faile;
And fellowſhip is eaſe though griefe do nought anaile.

If of this paire one from his tender yeeres
Was wholly yours deuoted heart and will;
Nor that alone but of his equall peeres
Few might in all your arts ſurpaſſe his skill:
If in your Court he did ſometimes defend
No vulgar place: O you that wont to lend
Your teares to others loſſe, ſome on your owne exſpend.

You ſhall not mourne alone; the State hath loſt
A Senatour of many Parliaments:
The Church may well account her loſſe is moſt
Of ſuch a ſonne. The Countrey ſad laments
A wiſe and vpright Iuſticer: The poore
A worthy houſe keeper. O if no more
Ye feele your owne, yet others domage helpe deplore.

And if how much he in your gifts ſurpaſt,
So much the Graces ſweet his Lady graced:
A right *Suſanna*, vertuous, faire, and chaſt,
A lilly bright though now by death effaced:
If both in euery part of vertue were
A matchleſſe match, a paire without compeare:
For Vertues ſake weepe while ye may not weepe a teare.

Whereto ſerues all your skill if not for this
To blazon farre and wide well purchaſd praiſe;
And regiſter to all poſterities
In honors iuſt records; what might vpraiſe
A caytiue courage vnto faire pretence;
And teach a gentle Spirit flie from hence
To higheſt heauen? Loe heere your arts chiefe excellence.

Liuing and dead your faculty is debt
To good desert: which payd in life may haue
Malignity perhaps thereat to fret;
Not so in death: No enuy lets the graue
Discharge this debt with safety euery deale,
And let eternall Fame the acquittance seale,
The world be witnesse vnto whom ye may appeale.

Besides, O let me tell you otherwise-
Ye owe this duty to that worthy paire:
Sith first from you the danger did arise
Which wrought their death. That harme ye ought repaire,
So might it be repair'd. O that it might!
But ah for life the recompence is light
To waile the dead, or verses in their praise endight.

Pardon my griefe if ought my tongue haue strayd
Dread Ladies: well I wot vnguilty all
Ye beene of blame heerein. It was misse-sayd:
No greater sorow mought your selues befall.
But this is true, from that vnhappy place
Whose late infection did your nurselings chase
To diuers parts; this mischiefe came. Thus was the case.

Two sonnes they had (Ah now no longer they)
This worthy paire were hanging on your brest;
Their chiefest ioy and care: when they heard say
Contagious Agues did begin t'infest
The place whereas ye dwell: Not fear'd in vaine
As since the sad euent hath shew'd it plaine;
And such before the Pestilence are wont to raigne.

Nature and Reason bad them seeke to shend
From danger those their hopes: They send straightway
To fetch them home. Their Father had a friend
Of well-approued faith full many a day
Whose sonne in equall danger with his owne
He could not leaue, but sent all vnbeknowen
His Father for him to. Hence hath this sorow growen.

O weake and feeble wit of mortall wight!
Which wot'ſt not what to take and what refuſe,
Chuſing the worſt, thou ween'ſt to hit the right;
And leau'ſt the beſt which wiſdome were to chuſe!
As now this worthy knight, he would ſet free
His owne from harme, and ſaue from ieopardie
His friends alſo: but all his care turnes contrary.

Not many dayes but ſicke began to fall
This youth I told in kindneſſe brought away:
Before I ſhould haue told you firſt of all,
His feareleſſe Father which miſlik't his ſtay
From you as loſſe of time; had thought againe
Haue ſent him backe. The knight needs would retaine
Him with his ſonnes; which turn'd himſelfe and them to paine.

But now his father gan moſt inſtantly
Requeſt he might remoue him home from thence:
(It was within a mile or two thereby)
Scarſe might he ſpeake ſo much without offence;
But heard ſtraight way. And ſet you then ſo light
Your only ſonne, as that regardleſſe quite
Euen of his life you would remoue him in this plight?

Except you feare that ought ſhould lacke him here.
Ah nay, quoth he: But this; your houſehold's great
And what a griefe and trouble both it were
Beſides the danger if this ſickneſſe ſeat
It ſelfe therein, (they fear'd the pocks) Alas!
I would it not for all that is or was:
So ſayd, full little hop'd he what would come to paſſe.

To whom the knight. *Th' eternall Wiſdome hie*
Which rules this world knowes what he hath to done:
And what is beſt for vs: who ſeeks to flie
With winde and ſaile from him is all as ſoone
Atach'd, as he that euer frames him ſtill
To ſuffer what he muſt. Is death ſuch ill
As is default in duty? No: Godworke his will:

So ſayd, yet as he could did faire prouide
Both for his gueſt and all their ſafeties.
But who can ſhun the ill that muſt betide?
Him lightly touch't the deadly miſchiefe flies;
Ceaz'd on his hoſtes that had him entertained,
And ſhew'd this goodly part of loue vnfained.
Ay me that cruell *death* ſhould rage thus vnreſtrained.

Ah good Tiſander who can halfe expreſſe
What raging ſorrow tare thy heart in twaine,
When thou beheldſt them brought to this diſtreſſe?
How dolefully thy hap thou didſt complaine,
And praydſt the heauens vpon thy ſelfe might light
Or on thy ſonne, or both, their vtmoſt ſpight;
To ſcuſe this gentle Lady and this courteous Knight.

Nor were we ſeely ſheepheards ought behinde,
To ſend our plaints and prayers to the skies;
Too well was now our griefe-dciected minde
Suited vnto our pluncket liueries.
This comfort haue we; if that fellon Death,
If Deſtinies ſad, or if the graue beneath
Had not beene deafe; theſe had not loſt their vitall breath.

How ſhall I that ſad houſeholds griefe relate
Their Maſters faſtned both to ſickly bed?
How ſhall I tell alas! your wofull ſtate
Twiſe Orphans now? the vowes, the teares ye ſhed,
Now for one Parent: Then th'other: Againe for both?
But all in vaine. Loe firſt your Mother go'th;
Your Father followes faſt, how euer ye be loth.

To whom when firſt the heauy word was brought
Of greateſt loſſe that euer he might heare,
(O would to God it could haue beene fore-thought
That meſſage ſad would touch his heart ſo neare)
And is ſhe gone? (ſayd he) *Are ills ſo rife?*
Well may I ſay I had as good a wife
As liues: Deareſt I come; what boots me longer life?

But who had ſeene how Grace perform'd hir part,
To teach the patient minde her croſſe to beare:
And how the gentle Knight with manly hart
Swallowed his griefe: And when the trickling teare
Fell from his eye that ſtill on heauen did feed,
Albe his countenance gaue his heart did bleed,
Would ſay; *I held my peace becauſe it was thy deed.*

Ay me! for ſobs I cannot tell the reſt.
He's dead! o death! for vertuous enterpriſe.
Ah gentle Siſters beat your penſiue breſt,
And chuſe the mournful'ſt notes you can deuiſe,
To accent your ſad verſes ruthfulleſt:
And when you haue a while your griefe expreſt
Recomfort ours. Ye Muſes ye can do it beſt.

The power of words is ſubiect to your skill:
And words well plac'd can charme the wounded hart,
Vp then ye Muſes. And if ſo ye will,
We ſheepheards ſwaines will helpe to beare a part.
Vp thou firſt mournfulleſt Melpomene,
And Erato with thee: Terpſichore
Shall with Thaleia ſing, when PHOEBVS ſhall you ſee.

THRENODIÆ
In funere Clarissimorum Coniugum D. EDVVARDI & SVSANNAE LEVVKNORVM.

Pars prior:

Quæ vt plurimùm fletus habet & querelas.

CVr per vos, Elegi, Lascina poemata famam
Quærunt, cur proprium destituistis opus?
Munera vestra vocant, passis prodite capillis,
Pullæ sint vestes, funera vestra vocant.
Occidit, heu, Lewknor Musarum gloria, tantum
Lugeat amissum virq́, puerq́ virum.
Credibile est, nimium iam sanas, λάχε, benigna
Parcas nascenti fila dedisse nanu.
Tantus erat morum candor, tanta arte politum
Ingenium fœlix, tantus vbiq́ fauor:
Vt, quanuis stirpem clara de gente referret,
Dotibus his claros nobilitaret anos.
Nec tamen ingentes fortuna maligna negauit
Illi, quas doctis sæpe negauit, opes.
Huic cumulo accedit pietas insignis in illos,
In quos cælestis lex iubet esse pios.
Cura Dei, & prolis vitam laudauit, at alter
Coniugis, & vita, & morte patebat amor.
Cuius vt aspexit morientia lumina, dixit,
Aut viue, aut comitem me quoq́ mortis habe.
Vota valent. Quos fidus amor, dum vita manebat,
Iunxit, disiunctos noluit esse rogus.
In terra ossa iacent, animæ super astra volarunt,
Vtrunque, & meritò fama loquetur anus.

THO. SOTHEBY Coll. S. Ioan.

In

O weake and feeble wit of mortall wight!
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Now for one Parent: Then th'other: Againe for both?
But all in vaine. Loe firſt your Mother go'th;
Your Father followes faſt, how euer ye be loth.

To whom when firſt the heauy word was brought
Of greateſt loſſe that euer he might heare,
(O would to God it could haue beene fore-thought
That meſſage ſad would touch his heart ſo neare)
And is ſhe gone? (ſayd he) *Are ills ſo rife?*
Well may I ſay I had as good a wife
As lines: Deareſt I come; what boots me longer life?

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Vp thou firſt mournfulleſt Melpomene,
And Erato with thee: Terpſichore
Shall with Thaleia ſing, when PHOEBVS ſhall you ſee.

THRENODIÆ
In funere Clariſsimorum Coniugum D. EDVVARDI & SVSANNAE LEVVKNORVM.

Pars prior:

Quæ vt plurimùm fletus habet & querelas.

Vr per vos, Elegi, Laſciua poemata famam
Quærunt, cur proprium deſtituiſtis opus?
Munera veſtra vocant, paſſis prodite capillis,
Pullæ ſint veſtes, funera veſtra vocant.
Occidit, heu, Lewknor Muſarum gloria, tantum
Lugeat amiſſum virq́, puerq́, virum.
Credibile eſt, nimium iam ſæuas, λάχα, benigna
Parcas naſcenti fila dediſſe nanu.
Tantus erat morum candor, tanta arte politum
Ingenium fœlix, tantus vbiq́, fauor:
Vt, quanuis ſtirpem clara de gente referret,
Dotibus his claros nobilitaret auos.
Nec tamen ingentes fortuna maligna negauit
Illi, quas doctis ſæpe negauit, opes.
Huic cumulo accedit pietas inſignis in illos,
In quos cæleſtis lex iubet eſſe pios.
Cura Dei, & prolis vitam laudauit, at alter
Coniugis, & vita, & morte patebat amor.
Cuius vt aſpexit morientia lumina, dixit,
Aut viue, aut comitem me quoq́, mortis habe.
Vota valent. Quos fidus amor, dum vita manebat,
Iunxit, diſiunctos noluit eſſe rogus.
In terra oſſa iacent, animæ ſuper aſtra volarunt,
Vtrunque, & meritò fama loquetur anus.

THO. SOTHEBY Coll. S. Ioan.

In Coniunctum EDOVARDI LEVVKNORIS *Militis dignissimi, &* SVSANNAE *vxoris* eiusdem eximiæ obitum.

ERgò Caballinos laticis mihi Musa propinat
Torpentem reuocans ad sua pensa? sequor;
Par est vt celebrem Par hoc tàm nobile, vinctus
Sermo, vinxêrunt quos ita fata, decet:
Par est vt metro Par includatur in vno,
Cui fuit in seros vnio tracta dies.
Vndiq́, par video, nec par tamen vndiq́; dispar
Gaudet inæquali tendere Musa gradu;
Eccè palàm numeris subsidit clauda secundis,
Nunc laxum fundit, nunc breue cogit iter;
Ecquid in mœnis Elegëia Consona bustis?
Ecquid & ad mœstos ire parata rogo?
An quia Par sexu constabat dispare, carmen
Iure suum vir habet, fœmina iure suum?
Præcedit passu sublimior ille virili,
Fœmineos comitans contrahit illa pedes;
Fortunati ambo, fatis æqualibus ambo;
Vita pares vidit, vidit & vrna pares;
Sic quos cepit amor vitæ, dum viuere fas est,
Hos vno cepit tempore mortis amor.

E Coll. Regis.

In obitum clarissimi viri *Edwardi Lewknêri, Equitis illustriss. &* Susannæ *coniugis,* Feminæ lectissimæ.

QVi fit (inæquali, vos quæ sine lege sorores,
Ducitis instabili stamina nostra manu)
Quì fit, vt indigni superà, qua vescimur, aura,
Amis tot vestra sæpè fruantur ope?
Cùm tamen interea, si quis virtute, vel vnus
Præ reliquis clarus, protinus ille perit.

Ah!

Ah! quid non potiùs vestras conuertitis iras?
Ah! quid non illos (mors homicida) petis?
Abstulit vna dies, & funere mersit acerbo,
Nobile par, restant vix pietate pares;
Scilicet eximium clarâ cum coniuge, morti
Lewknerum; nobis funera bina dedit.
Funera bina? quid? an non tristis funere luctus
Vel satis est vno, plus satis, idq; Viri?
At si Nobilitas quicquam si stemma valeret,
Priscum aliquid potuit stemma valere tuum.
Si quid religio, virtus, pietasq; fidesq;
Religione, fide, quis pietate prior?
Sed neq; religio, pietasue auertere mortem,
Nec virtus quicquam flectere tanta potest.
Crudelis, tantâ nondum satiabere prædâ,
Sanguine nec tanti es exsaturata viri?
Quin dulcem thalami consortem sanciet vnâ
Falx tua? quin pereunt fœmina, virq; simul?
Namquid non satis est clarum extinxisse maritum,
Posset vt in viuis hæc superesse tamen?
Digna quidem vita hac, dignissima pluribus annis,
Et tam præclaro fœmina digna viro;
Quæ facilè primum meruit, virtute, pudicis
Moribus, & verâ religione, locum.
Non satis, hanc comitem, fuit, extinxisse iugalem,
Posset vt in viuis hic superesse tamen?
Sed quos vna dies pariter iuuenilibus annis
Coniunxit sancto condidit inq; toro;
Ecce vno pariter nunc condidit vrna sepulchro,
Et penè vna dies funera bina dedit.
Nobile virtutis, vitæ, morumq; dederunt
Exemplum; haud post se nomen inane ferent.
Scilicet exemplo tandem hoc edisce vivi,
Ex horum vita, viuere, morte, mori.

G. H. T. C. C.

In obitum clarissimi & pientissimi viri, Domini EDOVARDI LEVKNER *Militis, quà generis splendore, quà omni virtutum genere ornatissimi,* necnon lectissimæ fœminæ, eiusdem coniugis, Dom. SVSANNAE LEVKNER, ἐπικήδιον.

HEu miseranda lues! audax corrodere sanctum
Diuinâ pectus nobilitate viri,
Fœdere qui sacro nulli pietate secundus,
Hanc sibi coniunxit relligione parem.
Nam prudens & doctus erat, decus atq; piorum;
Virtutis cultrix nec minùs illa fuit:
Mecœnas, columen, spes, deliciaq; bonorum;
Solamen miseris nec minùs illa fuit.
Christicolæ pariterq; fuerunt Cœlicolaq;:
Semper luce pares, nunc quoq; morte pares.
Sed cùm nomen habet de CANDESCENTE LVCERNA:
Hoc iam perge tuis pandere Musa modis.

Λδικὴ —— בך ——

Ὀιμοι τι λέξω ἢ δέρσω; λδικὸν δ' ἰσνεί	אוי לי מה אדבר ומה אצדק לנו
Κυὼ σβέσυλαι φόως ἄκρεσε αἰλαξίς	על חשחתם מאורת אין עוד בנו:
Πόλλων μὲν ἄλλων, ἄκυο πῖρῶσις ψυχῆς	אמנת ידענו כי לא נוצך אורנו
Νόσυς μακέρων ἰγκατοκῆσυ μακρὰν.	אך בעולם זה לא ירח עוד עלינו:
Λαοτυς ἱερσίου ὃς ἦν πάντρας ὅλης,	הנח מאיר שמה רחק חוצה מסכנו
Ἔρμας Βρετάνων παιδιλῶς λυσιτελὲς,	גם במקומו אחר יאיר נר תורתנו:
Ἔρμα μελάδρων τῦ Ἀκαδήμυ δεῖξ,	אם לא תמאוד גרול אל ישיבנו
Μυθοῖς τι δ' ἰργοις μ̃ πλεχαυὸς τ' ἀνὴρ.	חנה חקטון זה לנו יקימנו.

Heu miseranda lues! hac non splendente lucerna,
Hinc tot pullati syrmate longo gemunt.
Quin si non cunctis gratissima vita fuisset,
Nunc tua tam multis funera mœsta forent?

G.E. C. Eman.

In

In *Edouardum Lewkenor* Militem, viri tum pietate, *tum doctrinâ summè spectabilem*; & Susannam *ipsius* coniugem, fœminam lectissimam, simul mortuos, eodemq; tumulo conditos, Epicedium.

ERgóne iam extinctus gelidi sub mole sepulchri
Ille iacet veræ relligionis honos?
Ergóne & illa simul lectissima fœmina coniux
Morte perempta graui contumulata iacet?
Hei mihi, quis poterit lachrymas retinere cadentes?
Hei, periit nostri gloria magna soli!
Heu, iacet Eduardus, niueus cui pectore candor,
Vnum cui cœlum cura laborq; fuit.
Cui pietas, doctrina, genus, prudentia constans,
Canaq; honorandâ cum probitate fides.
Heu Susanna iacet, cœli germana propago,
Veræ fœminei deliciæ generis;
In miseros cui larga manus, pia cura suorum,
Virtutis studium, & relligionis amor.
Sic vno quos vita thoro coniunxerat, vna
Mors tulit, & vno condidit hoc tumulo.
Ergo ambos flete ô vates, totumq; iubete
Parnassum alternos ingeminare sonos.
Hasq; illis lachrymas ist hæc monimenta sacrate,
Et funus luctu concelebrate graui.
At vos ô manes, quorum nec longa vetustas,
Nobile nec delet nomen auara dies,
Vos iuuat interea meliores quærere sedes,
Queîs datur æternâ cum Ione pace frui.

G.S. C. Eman.

In obitum præclarissimi viri Dom. EDVARDI LEVVKENORIS *Militis, & eius charissimæ coniugis,* Dominæ SVSANNAE LEVVKENORIS.

MIlitis egregij meditaberis exova miram?
Proh dolor extinctum conspice Lewkenorem,

Non modò diuitijs & auito stemmate clarum,
Sed musa, ingenio, sed pietate virum.
Clerus, eques, populus, nullata veste Britannus
Hunc cassum lugent lumine Lewkenorem.
Te quoq; (quà socia plures fœliciter annos
Lewkenor exegit) chara Susanna, tuum
Lewkenorem mœstæ properantem ad limina mortis
Et pudor & pietas deseruisse vetant.
Vos simul extinctos crudeli funere mecum
Defleturo puto pectora mille pia:
Vos & longa dies & vita nouissima iunxit,
Nec nostro licuit dissociare metro.

C.O.

In obitum viri nobilissimi iuxtà ac doctissimi *Edouardi Leukenor & Susannæ suæ.*

EXtincta vt nuper petijt pia fœmina cœlos
plausaq; supernos vidit aditq; locos
Nos o noster adi: quid enim disiungimur, inquit,
tam nos quid separat terra minuta duos?
Dixit & in pennas cessit visura penates
pennas quas pietas struxit & egit amor.
Quæ te dulce caput diuis diuortia nostris
disiungunt, cur pars tu mihi pacis abes?
Astra inter iuncti carpamus gaudia, dixit,
tenuat & in nihilum cessit imago suum:
Ille nihil notam effigiem sed prendere captans
excussit terras induiturq; polos.

Eurydicen questus Lewknor, vt nulla superstes
comparuit terris æquoreisue fretis:
Nequicquam sperent coniux te tartara dixit,
emicat & cœli cærula scandit ouans.

G.H. T.C.

In obitum religiosissimi Militis Edouardi Leukneri.

Dicitur Ismarius chara pro coniuge vates
Per vada Cocyti, per Phlegetontij aquas
Transmisisse viam, nigriq; ad limina Ditis
Sistens, Threicia succinuisse lyra:
Vmbrarumq; deum nerusq; & carmine mulcens
Eurydicen proprio restituisse Lari.
Heu nunc aut alter nigrantia tecta Tyrannus
Possidet, aut peior quam solet esse Dea est.
Nuper Leuknerus funesta morte peremptæ
Coniuge, sponte sua liuida stagna petit:
Per tenebrasq; iter emensus, manesq; silentes,
Constitit ad furui limina cæca dei:
Plangens orabat miseram sibi reddere sponsam,
Moturus verbis marmora dura suis.
Cumq; diu frustra tot singultantia verba
Misisset, (tantus est fervor amoris) ait;
Vt potero lucem aut cœli connexa tueri
Cùm mihi surrepta est lux mea vita mea?
Vel mihi reddatur coniux aut ipse marite,
Vel servato duos, vel mage perde duos!
Dixerat. assensit diri inclementia Regis
Atq; ambos contra iusq; piumq; tenet.
Hoc ego non agitem? dic o sæuissime custos
Tartarei claustri, quid velit iste furor?
Quid? tibi commissa est nigri custodia regni
Imperium in manes est tibi sorte datum,
Imperium in manes miseros tibi cessit & umbras!
Diceris in sanctos iuris habere nihil;
Fœlices sanctorum animæ sunt cura Tonantis.
Sed quid ego hæc frustra: vindicis ira venit.
Nam quoniam inuitis rapuisti hos inuide nobis,
Inuito rapiat qui colit astra tibi.

In obitum viri verè Mecœnatis *Eduardi Leuknori*, & *Susannæ eius coniugis pientissimæ*,

Epicedium.

Sic turtur moritur, suumq; plorat
Solas flebiliter virum inter vlmos:
Sic fretus cytharâ maritus audax
Tristeis ingreditur domos profundi:
Ereptam sequitur suam vt Susannam
Leuknorus reducem suam vt Susannam
Concinnet, (pietas!) opesq; spernit:
It virtus comes, vt chorus sororum
Et quicquid Charitum, Cupidinumq; est:
Si fas est tumulo tegi ipsum Amorem
Hoc vellet tumulo tegi ipsius ipso.

Anagr. in nomen:

LEVCENORVS,

Luce nos vre.

At tua quando dedit virtus iam viuere cœlis
Seu diuus epulis vnà cum coniuge Diuûm
Accumbis, siue orbe sedes pars dignior orbis
Respice NOS, *ac* LVCE *tuâ fœliciter* VRE.

H. G. T. C.

VNde mihi insolito stupuerunt corda dolore?
Quidue grauis versat tantum mea pectora luctus?
Mens equidem præsaga mali, quid triste minetur
Nescio, sic cæco turbantur corda tumultu;
An mihi dilectus nimiùm decessit amicus?
An mihi chara parens? An multùm frater amatus?
Hei mihi quòd multo merser grauioribus vndis:
Occidit (heu pietas!) pietatis amantior alter
Quo nusquam in terris vixit, nec mortuus vsquam est:
Quandoquidem nobis nec mortuus ille putandus;
Semper enim viuet nato dum vita superstit,
Felicem ô natum donat qui viuere patri.

T.B. Clar.

In

In obitum illustrissimi Equitis *Eduardi Leukenor*: *vxorisq; clarissimæ, Carmen lugubre.*

HEu, quanti gemitus? infœlix ales ab vlmo
Quos memorat casus? volucres in damna trahuntur.
An amor extinctæ molvri tanta palumbæ
Impulit, vt sociam sibi mortem quereret vltrò?
Impulit vnus amor. nec enim sine coniuge coniux
Ibit ad astra. Duos eadem lux perdat amantes
Optant toties, sed cui nil fata negare
Ausint; aut poterant superi; pia vota secundant,
Vna dies inter tantùm fluit, ambo feruntur.

R. Theol. C. T.

In obitum verè illustrissimi viri, & tam gratiæ, *quàm naturæ & artium præsidijs instructissimi, D. Eduardi Leukenor* Militis, nec non in *Susannam* vxorem charissimam fœminam lectissimam σωφροσυνης Θρηνωδία.

HEi mihi quàm subitò passim tua funera flere
Cogimur inuiti Lewkenori, diemq; supremum
Condecorare tuum lachrymis rorantibus ora?
Quem pietas celebrem, patriæ prudentia charum,
Integritas vitæ illustrem granitasq; senilis,
Natales clarum, mundo quem fecerat ardens
Conspicuum Zelus de relligione tuenda.
Dotibus ingeny ac artis quem docta Minerua
Ornârat mirè, cuius suadela sedebat
In labijs; nunc te miseri deflemus ademptum,
Quem Deus e cœlo virtutibus auxerat istis.
Sed nec diuini satis est heu stamina vitæ
Abrupisse viri Parcis, nisi coniugis almæ
Vno eodemq; ictu filum fatale rescindant.
Quam pietas, quam castus Amor, Prudentia, forma
Grataq; quam comitas, sanctoq; modestia vultu
Fœminei ornabant vera ornamenta pudoris.

Vos studiosa cohors, Respublica, Curia, Templa,
Vos rus deplorat. lachrymas Academia fundit.
Vnicè vos deflent proles generosa superstes,
Et famuli famulæq; omnes vos vnicè deflent.
Non tamen in medio hoc luctu solatia desunt,
Nam quos iunxit amor & connubialia iura,
Non mors disiunxit, non funera, neuè sepulchrum:
Ambo sed æthereis volitant super æthera pennis,
Limen & augusti simul ingrediuntur Olympi,
Et cœlo regnant cum Christo rege, supremo.

S.W. C. Eman.

Ad viri clarissimi nomen qui nuper migrauit *ad cœlites, allusio.*

SI nescis (Hospes) iste Lewkenor cui
Plebes, Patresq;, parvulis misti senes,
Mœsti, dolentes, lacrymas impendimus;
Quis qualis olim: Sic habe; Lychnus fuit.
Ellychnium hoc mortale cui corpusculum,
Nunc ecce puluis tenuis & cinisculus:
Diuiniori accensa mens spiramine
Depasta corpus, flammula huic lychno fuit:
Oleum, charisma sanctioris Spiritus:
Iam dignitatis gradus iste celsior,
Qui quemq; solus indicat quanti siet,
Lychnuchus; vnde latius puro nitens
Radiata virtus emicabat lumine.
O quanta noctis insecuta est illico
Caligo; quanta in hoc quidem cœnaculo
Obscuritatis vmbra communis domus,
Extinctus hinc vt iste Lychnus ignibus
Suam remisit flammulam cœlestibus!

G.B. C.E.

In

In obitum D. EDOVARDI LEVVKENOR *pietatis, simul ac eruditionis exemplaris, natalium* splendore illustris, & doctorum patroni benignissimi, carmen funebre.

E *Effugit fatum miseros; ferendum:*
D *Ducit inuitos alios; sequendum:*
V *Vnicum nostri decus (ah dolendum)*
A *Abstulit æui.*
R *Regijs æquant humiles tabernas,*
D *Dum feræ cunctos rapiunt sorores.*
V *Viue, fata instant, animæq; gaudent*
S *Soluere claustra.*

L *Lugeat quisquis, te, Edouarde, nouit,*
E *Et tuum corpus tumulo repostum*
V *Vidit indignum perijsse, longum*
V *Viuere dignum.*
C *Charior Diuis pietate nemo,*
N *Nemo, quem Musæ magis approbarent,*
O *Omnibus gratus, patriæ paterq;*
R *Rite vocandus.*

T. SOTHEBY. Coll. S. I.

Ad Lectorem.

CArmina qui tristes quæ dictauere Camœnæ
Culta parum; verùm qualiacunq; legis,
Da veniam: decuit sic indulgere dolori,
Materiæ cultus conuenit iste suæ.
Perlege non ficto quas fundimus ore querelas:
Sollicitâ verus non eget arte dolor.
Dumq; legis luge, tristiq; adscribere turbæ,
Nec pudeat socijs ingemuisse malis.
Forsitan & duro tibi ni de robore pectus'st
Decurrit mœstis gutula fusa genis;

Sic ſine: Neué pium tibi maſcula forte doloris
Officium virtus impediſſe velit.
O bene ſi multis fuerit ſignata lituris,
Pagina ſi lacrimas quas petit omnis habet!
His quoq́, (quos omnis iam deficit humor) ocellis
Qui prope iam tantis diriguêre malis,
Dum mihi quæ cernis ſcribuntur carmina, Lector
Si qua fides, calidam defluit imber aquæ.
Sed lacrimis modus eſto. Alias iam tangere chordas
Incipe vel Cleîo vel magis Vranie.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THRENODIÆ
In funere Clariſsimorum Coniugum D. EDOVARDI & SVSANNAE LEVVKENORVM.

Pars altera.

In qua potiſſimùm encomia mortuorum, viuorum alloquia.

In obitum ſanctiſsimi & literatiſsimi viri Domini Edwardi Leuknor, *carmen funebre.*

ESſe quid hoc dicam monſtri? quod noſtra vocatas
Inuito quæ ſæpe mihi quaſi gurgite manant
Extorquent nullas iam cornea lumina guttas;
Quique genas largo rorantes imbre rigauit,
Accerſitus abeſt, & ocellis deficit humor.
Suſtulit (ah quanto cogor meminiſſe dolore!)
Mors ſcelerata virum grandæui Neſtoris annos
Commeritum, ſi ſancta fides, pietaſq́; valerent
Parcarum cohibere manus; venerandaq́; virtus
Tempora mercedem vitæ ſpatioſa referret.
Quem genus atq́; domus titulis ornabat auitis
Natiuuſq́; decor generoſo corpore fulſit
Cui largo defudit opes bona copia cornu
Quemq́; inſigne tulit, ſublimen, nomen in aſtra,
Et quodcunq́; viris accedat pulchrius extra.
Sed partem laudis vix vllam ponimus iſtis
Hæc inculpatæ radijs, languentia fundunt
Defluuia & fuſcum vitæ ſubiecta colorem:
Semper eum pietas teneris decorauit ab annis,
Prima ætas dulcem muſarum fecit alumnum,
Sæpe puer tulerat ſapientiæ ſigna Mineruæ
Et rediit victor pallenti vinctus oliua,
Virq́; viris palmam ſi quid prudentia iuſſit
Si probitas quid agi, facile abſtulit omibus vnus.

Cætera quæ restant quid nunc memorare necesse est?
Quæ manifesta manent, vitæ, semperq; manebunt
Argumenta piæ, quæ postera me reticente
Secula narrabunt; seri dicent q; nepotes?
Quæ neque, si vellem, breuiter decurrere possem.
Quare agite o docti & mecum, studiosa caterua
Atque, superuacuo gemitu lachrymisq; remotis
Condignum tanto celebremus nomine funus;
Illi marmorea æternum de laude sepulchrum,
Inscriptum titulo sacro statuamus & aurum;
Vt tanto succedat auo sua sera propago,
Et memor, & meritæ, fiat simul æmula laudis.

G.W.

על מות ארון אדוברך לרקנור גבר נכוחים בחסך
ובחוך ובחדרי יחש וגם שרשנה אשתו גברת חיל
ורבוכה מנשים שניהם יחדו חלוכים בדרך
כל חארץ קינח:

אמרו נא מתים מחלך מח חתבל
חלא תענו לי בי כל תבל חבל:
חלא תענו לי בי כל תבל אבל:
חלא תענו לי בי כל תבל חבל:
אמרו מתים מח נותר לגבר שבר
חלא תענו בי לבל גבר שבר:
חלא תענו בי לבל גבר דבר:
חלא תענו בי לבל גבר קבר:
אך בחיים צדיק בטובח יעשור
וגם נוח את גיא צלמות יעבור:
ומקם לו בשמים אל יעזור:
ושמח בבבודו אל אותו יעטור:

I. C. Trin. Coll. Cantab.

In

In obitum EDVVARDI LEVVKNERI *Equitis clarissimi, & SVSANNAE coniugis feminæ lectissimæ.*

ABstulit vna dies cara cum coniuge clarum
Leuknerum, atq; vno condidit in tumulo.
Insignes pietate ambos, natalibus ambos
Insignes, omni denique laude pares.
Λευκνερ, Candidus. *Candorem præferre vides ipsum tibi nomen,*
Quippe inerat candor moribus ingenuis.
Vir Musas coluit, Musæ coluere vicissim
Artibus ingenuis, egregiisq; viris.
Hunc vbi iam duræ rapit inclementia mortis,
Lecta parùm coniux occupat ante mori.
Non tulit aspectum morientis; præripuit q;
Femina fatalem fortior ire viam.
Id luctum geminare, quibusdam fortè videtur,
Non geminat, minuit tantus amor gemitus.
Iunxerat vna dies feliciter: abstulit vna,
Nec mors coniunctos diuidit atra duos.

Τῦ αὐτυ εἰς ἄνδρα κὴ γαμετλὼ
συναποθάνοντας.

Πολλὰ τε κὴ παντοῖα φέρει δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι
Καὶ σφαλερῆς ὁ βίος πάντυχον ὅτι τύχης.
Αλλὰ τίς ἐ φύσει μάκαρας λευκένορα δῖον
Καὶ τλιὼ πιστὴν δὴ κυδιάνειραν ἄλοχον;
Οἷς δὴν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσιν
Συμβαίνει συζῆν ὄλβια σύντε θανεῖν.
Λῆξεν ἐπεὶ ζώουσι τελεσσάσας γλυκυς αἰὼν
Θήσκουσ', ἀλλήλων ἐκ δοπλειπόμενοι.

A. DOVVNES Græcus Professor Regius *Cantabrigiæ.*

Εἰς Ἐδόαρδον Λδμνωρ τ̃ μακαρίτ̃ν, κ̀ τ̃ν αἰδεσιμωτάτ̃ν αὐτ̃ γυναῖκα τ̃ν μίαν ἡμέρᾳ τ̃ τ̃ς ἀνδρὸς αὐτ̃ς θάνατον ἀκολουθήσαν, ἐπιτάφιον.

Θέσκελ' ἄνδρ, τ̃ν ἐυπατριδ̃ν ἀκαλλὲς ἄνθος,
Ὃν πολὺ κ̀ Μάρμῳ ὑ ψέγω ἰῷ θέμιτον,
Τί σοῦτον' ἐρέω, π̀ δὲ ὑστάτιον καταλέξω
Τ̃ν ἀγαθ̃ν τ̃ν σ̃ν, τ̃ν μάλ' ἀειμνήστων;
Οἷς γὰρ κεν γνοίης' ἄλλο κἀν μῦνα εἴποιν
Ἔστερε σοι κεφαλὴ ἀθρόα πάντα τάδε.
Λαμπροὶ τοι γονέες, γλαφυρ' ἤθη, εἶδος ἄμεμπτον
Καὶ γάμος ἐυδαίμων, κ̀ τέκεα γλυκερά,
Καὶ δμῶες πολλοὶ τ' ἀγαθοὶ τ' ἠδ' ἄστυ ὅλος,
Καὶ συγγεν̃ν τε φίλων ἱμερόεντα χάρις.
Ἀλλά γε πρὸς τούτοις, Μουσ̃ν ἐεικοσέα δ̃ρα
Ἐν σοὶ τοῖς φρονίμοις ἔθλον ὁπάζε κλέος.
Ἔπλεο γὰρ εἰπυς ἀνὴρ σύ, κλεινότατός τε
Καὶ φίλος τοῖς πολλοῖς, κ̀ φίλος τοῖς σοφοῖς.
Οὕπω παντ' εἶπ', ἔτ' ἔχω ἓν τοῦτο μέγιστον;
Ὅπ' ἀφένῳ σου ζ̃ν, ὑ φιλόπλουτος ἔπης,
Ἀλλά γε τ̃ Χριστ̃ν φιλέεσκες κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
Καὶ Χριστοῖο μέλη ἔρεφες ἐνδυκέως.
Οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα σοὶ γ' αἰδὼς σε παρῴκοιτις
Ταύτης τ̃ς ἀρετ̃ς ἔπλετο συμμέτοχος.
Μέλλων γὰρ Χριστὸς ἄφθιτον ἐγγυαλίζειν
Σοὶ Λδμνωρ, τ̃ς σ̃ς πίστος εἰλικρινοῦς,
Οὐκ οἷον σ' ἐθέλησ' ἐρατ̃ς πρὸς ἀπολαύειν,
Ἀλλὰ ξὺν σοὶ κ̀ σοὶ, κρείσσονα ἄλοχον.
Ὡς δὲ ἰδὲν τρομέουσαν νιν μὴ χέρσ γλυκῦναι,
Θάρσει, φ̃, θύγατερ, παῦσο τ̃ δακρύων,
Οὐ σύγε γὰρ πόνος δεῖος, ἐπεσσομένοισι
Εἰς λ̃ξιν μακάρων, ὑ σὸς ὑστερεῖς.

I.B. C.S.I.

Εἰς θανατ̃ν ἐυδοκιμωτάτ̃ ἱππέως, Ἐδοάρδ Λδμχώρ Ἐπικήδειον.

Φρὴν μανικὴ μακρὴν πενίαν τὰς τεχνὰς ἐγείρειν
Οὕνεκα μ̀ πως ὅλον ὄμν, κ̀ Μ̃σας ὁρ̃μν,

Χῶ μαλακὸς πλοῦτος ἧσσ' ἀλιτρῶν ἢν ἀλεγίζει.
Ἀλλὰ τὸ καλὸ φίλει χαλεπῶν ἄτερ, ἠδέα τ' ἐσθλῶν.
Μωῦσ' οὐ πειπόματε Λύκιωρε, παιόλβιε ἡρώς
Πλέσιος ἐν τέχναις, καὶ πλέσιος ἐν δαπανῆσι.
Μῶσαις μὲν φιλὸς ἦς, ἀλλ' ἐκ ἦς ἄπι πενιχρός·
Πλούτῳ μὲν φιλὸς ἦς, ἀλλ' ἐκ ἦς ἀδὲν ἀμῶσος.
Μῶσας τὶ πλούτῳ νικᾷς. Μῶσαις τε πιναι·
Μῶσαις καὶ κερτερῷ θανάτῳ τὸν χεῖρα κερτόσας·
Σὸν γὰρ ἀεὶ κλεὸς ἐν Μουσῶν ἱρέοισι θαλήσει.

Λέον. Νίσσ.

In obitum præstantissimi viri Domini *Edouardi Leukenor*, *Militis*, *charissimæq; vxoris Dominæ Susannæ Leukenor* fœminæ lectissimæ, Carmen funebre.

QVId memorem claram stirpem? quid munera mentis?
Quid doctrinarum pectora plena penu?
Quidué tuam dicam linguarum cognitionem?
Quàm doctis doctus fáueris ipse viris?
Quid referam, tua simplicitas, prudentia quanta?
Quâ patriam promptus iuueris vsque tuam.
Quid mores suaues, candorem carmine pingam?
Non minùs ipsâre; nomine λευκὴς eras.
Te Leuknore magis pietas celebranit, & ardens
Saluificæ Christi relligionis amor.
Qui Christum coluere pio es complexus amore,
Præconum Christi maxima cura tibi.
Tu moreris, nostræ noxæ meritæ sapientis
Exemplo orbari consilioq; viri.
Quin moritur tecum pia fœmina & optima coniux,
Vnà dulce fuit viuere, dulce mori.
Felices animas! quas nos gaudere sinamus
Cœlesti in regno, te, bone Christe, frui.

THOMAS HARRISON C.T.

In obitum viri pietatis & eruditionis nomine clarissimi Edouardi Leuknor *Suffolciensis Equitis* aurati, & lectissimæ fœminæ *Susannæ* coniugis eius.

VEre λευκὸς eras ἀνὴρ; verè ergo vocari
Λευκήνωρ poteras, fuit omen nomine in isto:
Verè sanctus eras vitâ, sermone benignus,
Ingenio lenis, sic vt non mitior alter,
Pacis amans, litisq; expers, fautorq; bonorum,
Musarum summus verbis factisq; patronus,
Iustitiæ exemplar, sine fuco & fraude, sequenti
Præsentiq; æuo, causarumq; arbiter æquus:
Denique totus eras niueus: niueo ergo lapillo
Dignus; te propter candorem pectoris omnes
Laudârunt passim, celebrantes funera fletu.
Ingens ad tumulum confluxit turba virorum,
Accurrunt tristes, pueri, iuuenesq;, senesq;,
Et properant matres simul innuptæq; puellæ,
Plebeij, procerum necnon generosa propago.
Auxit & hunc populi luctum charissima coniux,
Quæ tibi per multos annos sociata cubili,
Horis ante obitum paucis disiuncta recessit.
At quos iunxit amor viuos, disiungere nunquam
Mors poterit, manet hæc tecum, æternumq; manebit;
Disiunctos terrâ, cœlum coniunxit in æuum,
Hæc in virumq; meum testentur carmina amorem.

I. A. Coll. S. Ioan.

In coniunctum *Edouardi Lewkenoris* Militis *dignissimi*, & Susannæ *vxoris eiusdem* eximiæ, obitum.

TEmpore si nostro vixisset Naso, quid ille
De modò defunctis diceret? Vnus erant;

Vnus erant verè tam vir, quàm nobilis vxor;
Vnus corporibus, cordibus vnus erant;
Vna domus dominis, thalamus fuit vnus amicis;
Deuotis vnum numen, & vna fides;
An non ergò fuit diuinis nexa Catenis
Copula, tàm multis copula nexa modis?
An non vt pariter nexa est, pariterq; soluta
Diuina simul hoc contigit esse manu?
Se potuit non illa queri, non ille relictum,
Terrigenas vnà deposuêre domos;
Sic finire dies decuit, sic ducere; primis
Vltima, mors vitæ sic fuit apta suæ.
Viuite fœlices, aliys sponsalibus instat
Præfinita dies, instat & alter hymen;
Interea tellus laudes æquabit Olympo,
Siuè Edouarde tuas, siuè Susanna tuas;
Quas benè religio meruit, quas munera Musis,
Quas benè mors meruit, quas benè vita prior.

E Coll. Regio.

In coniunctum EDOVARDI LEVVKENORIS *Militis dignissimi & SVSANNAE vxoris* eiusdem eximiæ, obitum.

VIrq; vxorq; diù pariter vixêre, quid inde?
Et pariter vitam deseruêre suam;
Quàm benè conueniunt? quàm iustis consona votis?
Quàm benè respexit summus vtrumq; Deus?
Qui sic imposuit vitæ, finemq; labori
Sic vt vtriq; suus possit abesse dolor;
O vos fœlices dicam, queis corpore iunctis
Æquali semper viuere sorte datum;
At ter fœlices animas, queis carne solutis
Iam datur in clara luce videre Deum.

E Coll. Regio

Ampliſsimi viri EDVARDI LEVVKNOR militis, πολυΐστωρος, *eruditorum patroni ſingularis, & coniugis* SVSANNAE, fœminæ lectiſſimæ memoriæ, Carmen.

HInc abit Eduardus Lewknor, quis ſanctior illo?
Aut quis Apollineo doctior ore fuit?
Ille fuit morum λύχνος, nubecula nulla,
Eclepſis radijs nec fuit vlla ſuis.
Inſtar Cryſtalli λυχνὸς, nec nævus in ipſo,
Sed ſine nube nitens, ſed ſine fraude virens.
Verius es Magnes, quid enim non attrahis? olim
Laudem, nunc lachrimas vrbis & orbis habes.

Aliud.

LEwknor abis? nobis magnos abeundo laturus
Luctus, ætherys gaudia magna polis.
Ridet adeſſe hymnis; elegis iam deflet abeſſe;
Te tuus æther habens; te tua terra carens.
Miles abit, ſequitur q; ſuam bene fidus amantem
Suſannam vxorem dulce decuſq; ſuum.
Vnà vixerunt ambo, ſimul ambo abierunt,
Et ſimul Elyſijs, exſpatiantur agris.

DA. DOLBEN. Coll. S. Ioan.

Epitaphium.

SI neſcis, Lector, tumulo conduntur in iſto
Digni nominibus fœmina virq; ſuis.
Huic etenim fecere viro Leucanora nomen
Candida mens, puræ relligionis amor.
Suſannam vxori nomen dedit vna matronis
Gemma colenda, Fides intemerata thori.
O male! cur ambos ſimul inuida fata tulere?
Quàm vellem vlterius viueret is vel ea:
O bene! viuentes quos vis ſociauit amoris,
Vita cedentes hos ſociauit humus.

* * *
* * *

Epitaphium.

Ἔνδα δύω κείδς ἐπεω, ἔμμι' ἀλλ' ἔναι; ζητεῖς
Πῶς μοι; ἐνεῖ ἀλοχος κεῖται, ἀκοίτης ἐνεῖ.
Εἷς βίος ἦν, ἅμα ζῶντο γδ, εἰς μόρος, ἠδ' ἅμα θνῆσκον,
Ἄμφω θνησκομένους εἰς ἑνὰ λύθος.

In egregium Equitem.

Ἔσβεσε τὸν λύχνον, καὶ λύχνε εἶλετ' ἐλαῖον
Μοῖρ', ἦμαρ τοίνυν φῶσφορε ἄμμι δύδε.

Aliud.

QVæ bene conueniunt, genus, ars, opulentia, virtus,
Raro conueniunt, sunt tamen ista tibi.
Mortemq́ hoc superas, quod tantum corpus ademit,
Non tibi virtutes, nec tua parta tuis.

Aliud.

QVid septem erranies numerantur in æthere stellæ,
Quando artes vno tot nituere viro?
Iuncta quòd his pietas, dici sphæra vltima possis,
Teq́ mori, mea non, sed tua Musa vetat.

RO. THEOBALD Coll. Trin.

Ἐπιτάφιον αἰνιγματωδές.

Σώματα μὲν τόδε σῆμ' ἐπέχει δύο, τοῖν δ' γαμέταιν
Δίς δύο. Πῶς εἶπ; ψεύξομαι οὐκ ἐθέλων.
Πρῶτα μὲν ὅπερ λέγομεν, ἔπειτα δ' ὡς ἑνὶ πότμῳ
Συνζυγοι· καὶ τοῖτον συγκαταδαπόμενοι·
Ὕστατα δ' ὡς εἰς ἄκρον ἀνερείσαντα ἵκοντο,
Συμμέτοχοι δοξῆς ὅλβιοι αἰδίης.

Within this monument enclos'd of twise two couples beene
The bodies twaine. Areed who can what might this riddle meane.

The Explication.

The bodies whose they be we know too well:
Foure couples thus. In wedlocks happy bands
First were they ioyn'd: And next, one Death did quell
Them both at once: For third, this Tombe so stands
Their common sepulture: And last of all,
Coupled they beene in ioyes celestiall.

W. B.

In *Lewknorum* nobis ereptum cœlo additum.

Magnus honos magnum, præclaro stemmate nasci,
At maior stirpem vincere mente suam;
Dispeream ni Leuknerus generosior ortu
Et genus & formam vicerit ingenio.
Vicerit ingenio tali, quale haud perituram
Credidimus, sed mox mors inopina rapit.
Nec mirum: tales citiùs sibi Rector Olympi
Vendicat, & nostros non sinit esse diu.
Ergo mihi salue æternùm, æternumq; valeto
Sancte vir, æternum nomen ab orbe feres.

* *

Quos viuos thorus vnus, amor coniunxerat vnus,
Vnaq; defunctos nunc habet vrna duos.
Et quos October modò nobis abstulit vnus,
Si non coniungat pagina nostra, nefas.
Viuite fœlices animæ simul, vnus Olympus
Vos habeat, Phœbe hæc, tu (bone) Phœbus eris.

*

In obitum viri nobilis. iuxta ac doctis. D. *Eduardi Lewkenor & Susannæ* suæ.

Ad vxorem. *Vsq; adeone tibi charus (lectissima) coniux*
Vt præte possit nullius adire facem?

Tu

Ad virum. *Tu quoq; sic properas gratas perituræ sub vmbras,*
Fœmina quòd potuit te sine obire necem?
Ad vxorem. *Siste monent Musæ gradieris sera sub vmbras,*
Vir tuus vt præeat, fœmina siste monent.
Vxor. *Mallem mille pati mortes; concedite Musæ*
Me sine quàm pereat pars prior ille mei.
Ad virum. *At tu cui melior finxit præcordia Phœbus*
Per si quid nostri sit tibi dulce mane.
Vir. *Te, te, mitte preces; sequar o sequar vmbra per vmbras*
Chara animæ coniux; Pieri mitte preces.
Ad vtrumq;. *Fœlices animæ, virtus quas acrior egit*
Viuere nec solas nec potuisse mori.

Gu. Hu. T. C.

In obitum viri illustrissimi quâ virtute & pietate, *quâ natalibus & doctrina, Dom.* EDOVARDI LEVVKENOR cum lectissima coniuge *D.* SVSANNA *vnius diei* interuallo erepti, Epicedium.

NVper vt extinctum vidit LEVVKENORA VIRTVS
Et comitem SANCTAE CONIVGIS *ire suæ,*
Prospiciens aliis dum certa pericula temnit
Officij & ne pars desiet vlla cauet:
Fleuit. Et hanc meritis mercedem talibus inquit
SVMME DEVS? *sic heu, sic datur esse* PIIS?
Cui PIETAS. *Miseræ Mors vltima linea vitæ,*
Atq; eadem æternæ est ianua certa PIIS.
Quid miserare HOMINES? *Nempe his occumbere* FATVM *est.*
Quidue PIOS? LVCRVM *est. Hoc quoq; quod* CITIVS.
Quod PARITER *rapti caussa hæc super vna querelæ est:*
Atqui erat EX VOTO *hoc. Sic voluêre mori.*

G.B. C.E.

The same in English, verse for verse.

WHen Virtue lately did behold Sir Edward Lewkenor die,
And hence depart in his religious Ladies companie;
Others from danger whiles to saue, his owne he doth neglect,
That only shunnes in virtuous deed to shew the least defect:
She wept. And ah for such deserts this recompence (quoth she)
O highest God? Thus thus alas! reward'st thou pietie?
To whom Religion thus. Death is this wretched lifes last date,
And to the godly Death the same is life-eternals gate.
Why wailest thou men? To whom to die once it is destinie;
Or why the godly? 'Tis their gaine. And more if speedily
That one cause of complaint remaines; together these be gone:
But this was euermore their wish; neither would liue alone.

Vere nobilis & pius D. *Edouardus Lewkenor* serò *sepultus, lugendus semper.*

POst cita fata tibi funus serum obtigit. At quàm
Post tua sera dolor funera longus erit.
Vita breuis, funus serum tumulusq; perennis;
At dolor est vitâ longior & tumulo.
I Leuknere, anima hæc astris est dignior: istic
Læta superuiuet & tumulo, & lachrymis.

In Coniuges coniunctissimos.

DVxêre vitam nec diuturnam satis
Simitu beatam amore dulci coniuges;
Clausere demum, at citius, extremum diem
Simitu beati morte sanctâ coniuges,
Quin & supremi compotes ambo poli
Hausere puri poculum vnum nectaris;
Et nunc eâdem vestiuntur gloriâ
Beati amore, morte, cœlo coniuges.

IOS. HALL, Coll. Eman.

In

In obitum religiosissimi Militis Edoardi Leukneri.

LEuknerus iste, quem sepultum in marmore
Plangunt amici, (turba mœsta & languida)
In fornicato cœlitum palatio,
Inter micantes syderum globos sedet,

Vbi præmiorum iustus arbiter Deus,
Stellis tot ornat fulgidis celsum caput
Quot ante gessit corde virtutes suo.

Illic beato conditoris in sinu
Lustratur illa, quæ per obscurum vident
Quicunq; carnis non soluti vinculis
Caliginosum hoc incolunt tentorium.

Nos turba tristis interim fata incessimus,
Et saxa tanquam fixa terræ, quærimus
Illum in sepulchro: cui tamen virtus sua,
Etiam ante mortem fecit in cœlo locum.

Humana spes æternitatis inclytæ,
Niuis instar esset, quam procellosi furor
Percussit Austri, visq; flammantis Dei:
Si mors triumphum consequatur alterum,
Animamq; tumulus idem, & ossa contegat.

Sed non vigorem sæua mors tantum tenet;
Condi sepulchro corpus haud anima potest,
Emergit illa, mensq; magnorum virûm
Æternitatis arduam calcat viam.

Habe ergo (gurges corporum) corpus tibi:
Quondam beati spiritus habitaculum
Vanum trophæum sit licet tantùm viri
Corpus, thesaurus maior quam vt cedat tibi.

* * *

Ode

Ode, in qua D. D. *Edouardi & Susannæ Leukenorum coniugum & inuicem amantissimorum & cum cæteroqui* multifariàm tum breui mortis interuallo nobilium, apotheosis.

PAr inuidendum, nec lachrymabili
Vexanda versu funera, funera
Auctura stellas, & sub axes
Conspicuam meritura sortem,

Seu vos repostas imperio iuuat
Vrgere terras, seu dare splendida
Inter paternos iura ciues,
Seu liquido radiare ponto.

Nam nec superbas Naxia flectere
Edocta tigres dignior asseri,
Nec sæuus Orion minaci
Vel iaculo violens vel ense.

Fœcunda cœlo copia fortium
Nec insolenti sydera pellice
Grauantur olim, RARA *castis*
Conqueritur plaga sub maritis.

Hoc fine vestras fas mihi tollere
Laudes & amplo dicere carmine
Diuisa vix vllâ duorum
Fata morâ, parilesq; cursus.

Simul profecti non simul ad locum
Vemstis ambo: nam prior optima
Dignata Nympharum coronâ est
Et volucres agitauit alas,

Vel illa sexûs munere libera
Palmæ appropinquans, & melior pede,
Vel facis expers, humidaq;
Mole carens, propiorq; Diuis.

Proh quanti amare est? non tulit hanc vicem
Lato relictus sponsus in æquore
Iam solus, hærentemq; gliscit
Quâlibet expedisse metam?

Non ille vitæ parcus & omnium
Contemptor, atras quò redimat moras,
Sed nulla cunctantem sub arcto
Vota iuuant, spacioq; languet.

Fertur Cupido purpureas sibi
Dempsisse pennas protinùs & viro
Aptasse prudens his perito
Remigijs sapienter vti.

Tum copulantur. Nunc quoq; (si fides)
Cælo receptos ludere sic iuuat,
Nymphamq; porrectam marito
Pratimidas glomerare plantas.

SAMVEL COLLINAEVS C. Regal.

TEn thousand thanks ye Muses for your paine.
How may poore sheepheard euer hope requite
Your curtesie, but debtor still remaine?
Vnlesse you take this recompence though light,
T' admire your skill; and wish your Poësie
May giue, or from your subiect take eternitie.

But mought it not offend your learned eares,
The ruder song of simple countrey swaines
Vncunning all, be ioyned to your teares?
Small cunning needs him that indeed complaines.
Ah well I wot our rymes be base and poore;
But if they shall expresse our griefe, we wish no more.

FVNERALL VERSES
Vpon the death of the religious, famous *and vertuous knight Sir* Edward Leuknor *and Dame* Susan *his wife.*

IF euer Countrey, cause had to complaine,
For losse of one who did her state vpholde
By iustice due, the right for to maintaine,
And beat downe wrong with courage good and bolde:
Then *Suffolke* mourne, for thou hast lost that wight
This worthy man Sir *Edward Lewkenor* Knight.

If euer children yet had cause to say,
We are depriu'd of louing Parents deare,
Who train'd vs vp in feare of God alway,
Whose vertues true, did in their life appeare;
Then children mourne, more cause haue you than other,
Depriu'd at once of father and of mother.

If Shepheard true had euer cause to weepe
For losse of such, who lou'd him as their life,
For tender lambes, for faithfull louing sheepe,
Who lou'd his peace, and loath'd all iar and strife:
Mourne gentle shepheard now great cause you haue,
For those two friends that couered lie in graue.

Amongst the rest who take the mourning parts,
Do we their seruants ioyne our willing hands:
In outward blacke and with true sabled harts
Do we all mourne, who ti'd in duties bands,
Did late enioy masters so deare and kinde,
Too good for vs, vpright in heart and minde.

Farewell

Farewell my light, sayth dolefull Denham towne,
My ioy, my stay, my comfort in distresse:
My liuing life is now by death pull'd downe,
And for my ioy I mourne in heauinesse:
But cheare thy selfe, let hope thy griefe asswage,
Of God supply in this succeeding age.

The poorer sort may sing their songs of griefe,
With tuning wo, with sad and moistened teares,
For losse of these, who fed them with reliefe,
And to their cry did open both their eares.
The poores complaint did neuer come in vaine,
For which on earth their lasting fame shall raigne.

O Traiterous death, the stayes of publicke State
Which pluck'st away! Cruell, which Parents deare
From children! Impious, which do'st separate
Pastors from sheepe! Vniust, with heauy cheare,
Which bid'st vs seruants seeke worse seruices!
Which rob'st the poore! Hard harted, merciless!

But welcome Death, for thou art sent of God
To them for ioy, to vs for smarting rod.

S. P.

Vpon the death of the most religious Knight Sir EDVVARD LEVVKENOR.

LEt others lend their teares, others their verse;
Ile stand a dumbe admirer at thy herse.
These be the things which may adorne thy death
And giue thy name an euerliuing breath.
Yet shall my tongue-tide admiration tell
As much as others teares and verses will.
That griefe which can expresse it selfe is small,
That's great which makes men in amazement fall.

Vpon the death of the moſt vertuous and religious Lady Madame SVSAN LEVVKENOR, *in alluſion to her name ſignifying a Lilly.*

FAire Lilly flower thou beareſt thy name aright:
Amongſt the Dames thou waſt for womanhead,
As is among the flowers the Lilly bright:
Like flower thou haſt not left vs in thy ſtead,
For beauty and ſweetneſſe, bounty, modeſty,
And lilly loue, and pureſt chaſtity,
And chiefly for thy ſweeteſt ſweetneſſe piety.

Thou waſt. A wofull word alas to ſay:
Now like a Lilly which vnkindly froſt,
Or ſoultering heat through Phœbus pierſant ray
Hath ſmitten; right anon ſoone hath it loſt
That goodly ſtate became it erſt ſo well,
And that pure white wherein it did excell,
Yet of the former ſweetneſſe doth reteine ſome ſmell:

Or as the Lilly rauncht with cruell hand,
From tender ſtalke to dight ſome garland gay,
Hath reau'd the garden where it wont to ſtand
Of that faire ſight which there it did diſplay.
So thou, ô cruell Death! whoſe fell deſpight
Of faireſt flower hath rob'd our garden quite,
Faire Lilly, thou in heauens garland ſhin'ſt more bright.

O! as the Lilly cropt doth yet retaine
Within her root ſome part of liuing power,
Which may with Springs returne put forth againe,
And many ſtalkes adorne ech with his flower:
So mought it ô faire Lilly fare with thee,
Many like flowers for one God let vs ſee;
O goodly ſight! And ſo it is, or ſo ſhall be.

W. B.

On

On the death of Sir EDVVARD LEVKNOR and his Ladie.

DEath came to him: she willing he should liue,
Called pale Death vnto her weary bed,
And wish'd her deerest husband mought suruiue,
And that she might be stroken in his sted:
He heard her sute; and death importuned
To ceaze on him, and suffer her aliue;
So ech would faine their life for other giue,
Death with the choice amaz'd; at last thus sed,
'Tis pity that a paire of soules so deare
Should by my fatall stroke be seuered:
One would be loth to liue without his fere,
One shall not be without the other dead.
Ah Death; I wist not earst thou wert so witty,
But call'st thou Pitty this? 'twas cruell pitty.

Vpon the death of the worthy Knight Sir Edward Lewkenor *and his vertuous Ladie.*

SHould I inuoke your aide (you lukleſſe nine)
Or pray you helpe my sorrow-burthened verse?
Sits not with mournfull plaintifs to be fine,
Or stately strowe fresh flowers on fading herse:
Suffice me that my sorrowes selfe may be
Both Muse and matter to mine Eligee.

Nor need I now those howling hirelings aid
That helpe affection with their mourning art:
Tribute of teares is easie to be payd;
Soone weepe the eyes when wounded is the hart:
Let fained loue shed teares enforcedly,
Vnfained mine will weepe vnfainedly.

Had not the headlong fates with ruthleſſe ſpight
Bereau'd theſe *Worthies* of beloued breath,
My ſullen words had not my thoughts endight;
Nor had I worne a ſable Cypreſſe wreath:
But now (vnhappy now!) th' heauens ſo ordaine.
What heauens decree, we ſpurne thereat in vaine.

If heauens fate-binding doome be ſuch and ſuch,
Why do I fill the aire with bootleſſe plaints?
Let not my wailefull verſes hapleſſe touch
Diſturbe the arches of theſe quiet ſaints.
But ô let paſſions tongue haue leaue to ſpeake,
Leſt paſſions fury make his priſon breake.

Ah neuer let me ſo reſpectleſſe part,
But rather let theſe ſorrow-drenched eyes
Streame out whole fountaines from my ſobbing hart;
And let my plainings eccho to the skies:
So may the euer-turning heauens proclaime
Our home-bred ſorrowes to another maine.

Let not thoſe dayes be mark't except with teares,
Or wip'd out of the Kalender of Time:
Nor hang in file on Genius ſiluer heares
Guilty of ſo inexpiable crime.
As wont the guilty conſcience flie the light,
Let them be couered all with pitchy night.

Let not, ô let not after-times record,
The fatall ſiſters lawleſſe power of death
Was ſuch. O why ſhould theſe ſad dayes afford
Matter for backe-bite Momus brood to breath
Their ioyfull Ioes to a higher ſtraine,
Or frame triumphals to their-bitter vaine?

As if (ô madneſſe!) any would be glad
Or pleaſe their moody fancies at this ſight?
When Enuies ſelfe at this euent is ſad;
And black-mouth'd venemous vnhallowed ſpight
Dares not prophane thoſe ſacred altars Fame,
Erects and iuſtly to their vertuous name.

And ô what madneſſe hath my wit diſtraught,
Vnkindly to enuy their high eſtate?
I ſaw their happy ſoules with pleaſures fraught
Triumphant enter in Eliſium's gate.
Elizaes ſpirit with the bleſſed reſt
Did flocke to welcome ſo deſired gueſt.

Liue long in bliſſe you heauen-beloued ſoules
For vs; ſince we your deareſt preſence loſt,
Since what we moſt deſire great God controules:
Yet ſhall our comfort in this one be moſt,
That what your happy breath whileſt you did liue,
The ſame your bleſſed memory ſhall giue.

W. Firmage.

DEATHS APOLOGIE,
and a Reioynder to the ſame.

STay, Stay good men: Runne not ſo faſt away.
My word I will not harme you: once truſt Death.
Loe here my dreadfull dart aſide I lay.
See, ſee theſe fearefull fooles; As if full eath
I could not ſoone attake ye if me liſt.
Was neuer man could yet out-runne me that I wiſt.

But hearken Sirs the whiles I heere defend
Mine innocence againſt your harmleſſe ſpight:
Ye talke and write your liſt, as if ye wend
That Death were deafe, or had no ſenſe of ſight
In theſe large eye-holes: Reſt perſwaded thus
I heare ye all, and reade I trow, *vt Clericus.*

In euery leafe before (loe heere the prieſe)
Ye raile on me, and at your pleaſure call
Falſe, cruell, curſed; Traitor, fellon, thieſe.
Once ſhall I be auenged on ye all.
Nay ſtay: I'le keepe my word now; though not long
But this I ſay, be Iudge your ſelues, ye do me wrong.

For

For first I plead I am an officer
Of highest God, whom ye haue all agilt:
Was neuer Hangman counted Murtherer,
Or once araigned for the bloud he spilt.
Nor am I Traitor false, that warne before,
Let no man trust me; Thus I counsell euermore.

I am no Thiefe, for nought I take away:
The soule and body both I leaue behinde:
But this is true, that from the baser clay
I separate the purer spirit the minde.
Multiplication or Alchymy
You mought me thinks more truly call my maistery.

Yet not (which lawes forbid) of heaped gold;
This worlds good I recke not all a beane;
And whatsoeu'r I be I dare be bolde
Of couetise to iustifie me cleane:
Of briberie and partialitie
No officer I trow is in this world so free.

But to be faultlesse I account but small:
Except I well deserue I nought excuse,
What euer crime that I am charg'd withall:
O then vngratefull men which thus abuse
Your chiefest friend! and rage as ye were wood
At him that is the only worker of your good.

From wretched world the confines of your life,
To blissefull Paradise from whence ye fell,
By one offence occasioning the strife
Twixt God and you, which did you all expell,
Two wayes there lie; one kept with brandish't flame
Of Angels sword, no mortall wight may passe the same.

But I am Porter to that other gate,
Straight is the wicket, nor without my leaue
May force or skill winne enterance thereat:
O foolish men! what madnesse doth bereaue
Your better wits, which ought of Death to craue,
That through that happy gate you might free passage haue.

As wandring Pilgrime from his natiue ſoile
With many weary ſteps which long hath ſtrayed,
And in his iourney found but paine and toile,
And dangers derne that haue him oft diſmayed;
How gladly doth he climbe the welcome raft,
That to his countrey ſoone and ſafely ſhall him waft?

O men your life is but a Pilgrimage,
Heauen is your natiue ſeat of bleſſedneſſe:
This world here yeelds you ſorry herbigage,
Sweat, Sorrow, ſickneſſe, Paine, all wretchednеſſe:
Mine is that only Barge, that through Gods grace
Shall faire and well tranſport you to your dwelling place.

Were't not well done to leaue you heere behind,
That loue your exile, like your miſery,
And caſt your countries care all out of mind?
(But for the Soueraigne Maieſties decree,
Which bids me bring your liues all to one end,
And ſend to Hell ſuch as to Heauen will not wend.)

O if vnwieldy Age with ſtealing paſe
Approaching faſt ſhould caſt vpon your backe
His heauy burthen: when your riue'ld face
The former beauties painted pride ſhould lacke,
When euery ſenſe waxe dull, eares deafe, eyes dim,
Taſte all vnſau'ry, ſtarke and ſtiffe each ioint and limbe.

How would ye then bewaile each weary day,
And wiſh ye rid at once out of your paine?
Why is this loathed light (Thus would ye ſay)
On wretched wights alas beſtow'd in vaine?
And life on ſuch as no lifes ioy can haue
Which long for Death; which glad & faine would find the graue?

As when the painfull labourer hath ſpent
Some longer light of ſwelting Phœbus ray,
And faithfully hath paid the common rent
Of ſweating brow vnto this earthly clay,
To winne his bread: how ſweet a thing is ſleepe,
That his forwearied limbes in dreameleſſe reſt doth ſteepe?

Such Sleepe is Death; such Day this life of yours;
The longer still more painfull than at first:
All is but toile full wast of troublous houres,
Yet of declining Age the last are worst.
But how would ye complaine of tedious day,
If neither Sun would go, nor sleepe would come away?

Besides from these complaints, what shall I tell
That greater mischiefe whence I set you free?
No paine or torment were it that of Hell
Is halfe such ill as Sinnes base slauerie;
Sathans by Sinne. O euer wretched men,
Till from this Death, which only can Death rid you cleane!

This knew right well, the paire you so lament,
With other Saints whose memories ye praise;
To whom the ioiful'st message could be sent
From heauen, was grant of what they wish't alwaies;
Soone to be loosed from these bonds of Sinne,
To be with Christ; and soone eternall glory winne.

But you ô seruile kind rest well appaid
With this your Bridewell: nor that worthy name
Ye all vnworthy beare which should vpbraid
Your recreant thoughts, doth ought vp lift the same
To where your Sauiour loe aduan'ct on hie
Doth glorious sit, at Gods right hand in Maiesty.

There crown'd with him these two and all the rest
Which while they liu'd prepar'd and wish't to die,
Are now secure of all that might infest
Their blessed state; of Sinne, of misery.
You waile their Death, they pity this your paine,
And would not be for all this world vndead againe.

Is this inough to cleare mine innocence,
And proue my good desert? or haue ye ought
Which heere against may make the least pretence?
Say hardly what you can. But well bethought
With Tragicke termes ye curs'd my cruelty
Which both at once this vertuous paire haue done to die.

Thereto

Thereto (ſaid ſome) it was a ſinnefull deed
So vertuous part thus ill to recompence.
But this it prooues me thinks that greateſt meede
It is to vertue ſoone to go from hence.
If God be iuſt (as ſure he is) the beſt
Amongſt rewards he giues vnto the worthieſt.

Nor was that leaſt reward, (which you complaine)
To pay with Curtuous duty Natures debt:
Was neuer any man that could maintaine
To longer terme a point of vertue yet.
O goodly praiſe and euen to be enui'd!
Theſe vertuouſly did when they liu'd, and whiles they di'd.

And if ſuch gaine it be, to leaue this light,
And loſſe to liue though you account it gaine:
If fellowſhip in you encreaſe delight,
In ſorrow ſomewhat mitigate the paine:
For them it was the beſt (ſay what ye will)
To go together; whether Death be good or ill.

Beſides, in truth theſe two by iuſt account,
In life but one both Fleſh and Spirit were:
And as in lawes eſteeme they did amount
But to one perſon; ſo they ſeem'd to beare
One mind. And wa'ſt not fit one Duſt one Graue;
One Soule one Enterance into heauenly ioies ſhould haue?

Farre be from Death ſuch cruelty, to part
So one a paire; to breake ſo euen a yoke:
Heereto themſelues were wont to wiſh you dare
Might neuer faile to hit them at one ſtroke.
Goe bleſſed Spirits yfere, which louely late
Were in your life; nor in your death be ſeparate.

But O baſe Earthwormes! whether ſhall I call
Boldneſſe or madneſſe rather this of your?
Dare you preſume t' emplead the Lord of all,
Or aske a reaſon of that Soueraigne power,
Why this he doth or thus? Becauſe he will:
His pleaſure's iuſt; and that ſhalbe performed ſtill.

That will of his I doe but execute,
As now to take this Lady and her Knight
At once away: His pleasure absolute
Was such. O cease this vn-approached light
With feeble eies to view; nigh not this flame
Poore flies, for feare your wings be sienged with the same.

And yet for Prouidence this let me say
(If that high Wisedome neede defence of me)
Why should ripe corne in field for harueſt stay;
Or mellow Apple hang vpon the tree?
These two were ripe for heauen, or neuer none;
The bough but touch't with gentle hand, they fell alone.

What need more words? If ought be done amisse
Blame not the seruant for the Masters will:
I did mine office. If such villanies
As Murther, Theft, and Treason, I haue still
Detested: If base Gaine hath not infect
These guilty hands: if of no crime I be detect:

O if I shew you Christ in glorious throne;
With him the Court of heauen, where be my friends
The Patriarchs and Prophets euery one;
Apostles, Martyrs; all which at their ends
Long wished-for before faire welcom'd me:
If through my meanes this paire with these now ioined be.

O men I craue no fauour; doe me right:
Condemne not thus a guiltlesse innocent.
Or if ye thinke to spend your hateful'st spight
On him that you least harme yet neuer ment,
O let me die (loe heere when all is seid
The surest proofe to die not il, Death would be dead.)

I know I must. And well I am content
To leaue this thankleſſe office. what you men
Account worst ill, let be my punishment,
Soone let me die. Crie lowder yet Amen.
But Sirs you must go first no remedy
Whil'st any one of you's aliue Death cannot die.

Come then: Who ſhall be firſt, which to diſpatch
That Hangman Death; through his owne noble hart
To ſtabbe the Traitor; will this dagger ſnatch?
Or with this halter, leſſe to feele the ſmart;
Will helpe to hang the Fellon ſpeedily?
Or with himſelfe empoiſon him more cunningly?

Thou haſt deſeru'd to die. Take here this knife:
Do ſome iuſt thing aliue, with edge or point.
And thou in this diſgrace; what boots thee life?
From yonder Tower thou mayſt thy necke diſioynt.
Thou know'ſt not how to liue: why draw'ſt thou breath?
Needs muſt thou die: chuſe while thou maiſt ſome fairer death.

Thy deareſt friend, thy loue, thy life is gone:
Vnfaithfull, ſenſeleſſe blocke! why ſtai'ſt behinde?
Thy goods be loſt, why mak'ſt thou bootleſſe mone,
Till beggerie or famine do thee finde?
O Coward! wilt thou take this iniurie
Without reuenge? Or die or kill: And kill and die.

Old man, I know thou haſt of life thy fill,
Die. Die poore babe; thy life begins with teares.
Die wretched men, you call vpon me ſtill.
You happie; die whileſt yet no ill appeares.
Die all: that once the feare of Death were paſt:
T's but a minutes while. As good at firſt as laſt.

A REIOINDER TO *Death.*

O Subtill Death that would'ſt enmoue my minde
To loath this life, and from my penſiue breſt
Diſlodge it ſelfe: The ſtronger law of kinde
(A ſecret bond which can not be expreſt)
Enchaines that with this body ſtill to dwell.
I hate thee Death; ſuppoſe that why I can not tell.

Yet if from God from whom none ill may be
This life doe come, 'ts good: if that be ill
Which good depriues; for all thy Sophistry
I know thee well, The worke of Sathans will,
The wracke of Nature, The first borne of Sinne,
Gods curse, The wretchednesse we men be wrapped in.

Thou plead'st thou art an Officer. No lesse
Is Sathans selfe the cruell fiend of Hell.
Thy wicked words thy murthering mind expresse,
That would'st perswade weake men themselues to quell.
Traitour, thou giuest no warning, that we know:
Not thou, *that none thee trust*; but wisedome warneth so.

A threefold thiefe thou art, which takest away
Soule from the body, body from the soule,
Both from the world. And that which thou dost say
To scuse thy coueteise, I can controule
By text of holy writ: Three other moe
To thee there beene, whose greedinesse neuer saith ho.

Art thou not partiall which alike do'st take
Vnequals all? why staies thy fatall blow
From traiterous wretches? first why do'st thou make
The best thy marke? God mercy would it so;
The best be fit for heauen the worst may mend.
So would his Iustice all our liues came to one end.

No thanke to thee. well yet thou freest our life
From many miseries. So greater ill
Secures the lesse: As where the Plague is rife,
It ceaseth other sickenesse. wilt thou still
Vaunt from sinnes bondage how thou set'st vs free?
That honour 's Christs (vaine boaster) 'ts no thanke to thee.

What? Do the damned Ghosts from sinne surcease?
Or see they Christ? or rest in heauenly blisse?
As true it is that these which now in peace
Haue left this world, which knew they should not misse
Of better-changed life were friends to thee:
O no they wish't and longed for eternity.

And dar'ſt thou mention Chriſt with caytiue tongue
Thine enemy, thy conquerour, thy death?
Or promiſe Paradiſe to filth and dung!
Which nigh infected with thy noyſome breath
Thoſe heauenly ioies. So vaunted once the Flie
She rais'd the duſt, whileſt on the waine ſhe pearch't on hie.

Thou lik'ſt Death well. No wonder that at all:
Fooles loue themſelues though riuals be away.
That paſſeth yet, where thou do'ſt ſadly call
To helpe diſpatch thee, men themſelues to ſlay.
Thy worth's not ſuch. Nor we ſuch fooles to die
(O ſubtile folly!) ſoone the feare of death to flie.

I can a better way than that, I trow:
I will deſpiſe and ſcorne thy hurtleſſe hiſſe,
Alas poore worme thy ſting is gone I know,
Doe then thy worſt: Thy worſt ſhalbe my bliſſe
I haue deſeru'd to die; And ſo I ſhall.
I muſt; when God is pleaſ'd I am content withall.

Yet ſhall it not be vengance for my ſinne:
Chriſt is my boot that neuer made offence.
His death or rather life ſhall enterance winne
For me to Heauen, when thou debar'd from thence
Shalt headlong into loweſt Hell be caſt.
Go now and vaunt to giue the thing thou neuer haſt!

As to the reſt; if in diſgrace I be;
The more I'le ſcorne thee. If my ſtate be baſe;
I'le liue in ſpite of Death, more bold, more free,
Let them feare Death that ſtand in Fortunes grace.
Needs muſt I die: what skils it when or how?
One life I haue, let Tyrants take of that inough.

My friends are gone. Their happineſſe is more.
I'le loue them in their iſſue left aliue.
O might I lead them their high ſteps t'adore
Though far before, and to their Fame ſuruiue,
My faith ſhould well appeare though left behind:
If not; their Death with griefe ſhall oftner come to minde.

My

My goods are loſt. No goods; or els not mine.
I had not loſt them had they beene mine owne:
Ill mote I thriue if for ſuch loſſe I pine,
My patience left, my ſtate's not ouerthrowne.
If I be wrong'd, I'le wreake me at my will:
I'le take a noble vengeance, and do good for ill.

What ſayeſt thou Death? Put on thy dreadfulſt face:
And arme thy murthering hand with bloudy dart.
From vertues path I will not ſtep a pace,
(With God to friend) all ſhould it ſticke my hart.
Thus lin'd this paire whoſe bodies dead here lie
Thus di'd. O Chriſt ſo let me liue, ſo let me die.

Loe heere I meeke me to thy gouernance
Lord of my life and death; welcome thy will.
Thy ſouereigne wiſdomes gracious purueyance
Shall be my wiſh, pleaſe thee to ſpare or ſpill.
If thy offence as greateſt ill I flie,
That while I neither care nor feare, to liue or die.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA.

Pag. 1. lin. 2. vneath to p. 3. l. 4. bites the graue. p. 12. l. 10. defletura p. 12. l. 17. ſupremos p. 13. l. 18. tantu'ſt p. 14. l. 11. it chorus. p. 14. l. 18. menſis p. 15. l. 13. R. Theob. p. 16. l. 3. vndiq; vos p. 16. l. 4. vndiq; deſient.